

# DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL.

Published every week.  
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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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VOLUME XI.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1882.

NUMBER 21.

## POETRY

### Some Day.

ANNA M. EUBOHT.

Some day, perhaps it may not be far distant,  
The veil will fall from our poor eyes away,  
And we will see that what now seemeth darkest  
Will shine the brightest in eternal day.  
As when in purple depths of midnight growing,  
Out flash the stars in beauty, one by one,  
Surrounded by a misty crown of glory  
To weary eyes that wept the setting sun.

Some day, when sun and stars have set forever,  
And open for us the gates above,  
We'll see that He—the tender-hearted Father—  
Christians well in His most wondrous love.  
Now off we cry—He heeded not our calling;  
Off moan and weep—He heeded not our tears;  
He seeth all things that to us are hidden,  
And tempers winds to bear us down the years.

So when some day perhaps a friend or lover  
Is missed by us from his accustomed place,  
And lies beneath the dewy-daisied clover  
Where sweetest kisses cannot reach his face,  
Instead of finding on our lips his kisses  
The wine of life flows bitter to the brim.  
And we rebel, and cry, and shrink from drinking,  
Be sure the chalice is poured out by Him.

And if some friend we love estranged is from us,  
Though we would die that it should not be so,  
And weary Heaven with prayers that seem un-  
heeded,  
Be sure He sees us in our deepest woe;  
And if dull care and want with grim pale features  
Sweep on the winds of trouble like a shroud,  
Be sure the hand that careth for the sparrow  
Will show a silver rift within the cloud.

Courage then, heart! think not God's greatest  
Blessings  
Are doled in transient joys or lengthened life;  
Perchance the joys we pray for would bring  
sorrow.  
And length of days be but with trouble rife.  
Courage then, heart, and patience—tear not  
rindly  
The velvet petals of the rose apart—  
Above the thorn stem, leaf by leaf unfolding,  
Time will reveal its honeyed golden heart.

## STORY TELLER.

### Christie's Telegraphing.

I am very glad that telephones have been invented; and yet I am glad they were not sooner invented. I should like to tell you the reason. That will take some time; for it is quite a story.

We live in the country, at Oakbrook, and my father is the treasurer and superintendent of the Oakbrook mills. Our house—a very pleasant country house it is situated on a beautifully wooded slope close to the river, and is a quarter of a mile from the mills. That is why a telegraphic wire was placed between the two.

I promised father when it was put up that I would learn to send messages over it. There was no one else in the family who could have learned. Both my brothers were at boarding-school, and mother would as soon have thought of studying the Chinese language as telegraphy.

Father declared that I would never learn. Girls had but little patience for such things, he said. Nevertheless the wire was put up and connected with a battery in the library. And in just four months' time I had mastered the alphabet and the technicalities of the instrument so that I could use it readily and was able to read the messages by the ear?

It was Harry Randall who taught me. He was one of the clerks at the office; and he had learned to use the instrument, because it was necessary to have somebody to send messages by the wire that ran from the mills to the adjacent city of Palmer.

Having explained so much, I think I have said all that is necessary to enable you to understand what occurred on a certain February night, about which I am going to tell you.

We were through supper, and were sitting together—father, mother and I—around the fire in the library, when Joseph, our coachman and man-of-all-work about the place, brought in the mail as usual.

Father eagerly took a letter that he seemed to have been expecting, from the other letters. I noticed a disturbed expression upon his face as he read it; and was more anxious than surprised when he arose and went to the hall-door, and called to the girl who was in the dining room.

"Mary," said he, "tell Joseph to harness Prince at once. I must get to the Junction in time for the 8 o'clock express. He'll have to finish his supper when he gets back."

Then he turned and said that the letter contained intelligence that made it necessary he should go to New York that night. Of course, as the wife and daughter of a business man, we knew what that meant, and that there was not a word of remonstrance to be said. So mother went to make for him what preparation was needful; and I should have followed her a little later, but that father called me back.

"Christie," said he, rather soberly, "I am going to tell you something that no one knows anything about save Harry Randall. I have quite a large sum of money—over two thousand dollars—in my coat-pocket." He touched his breast with his finger. "I never keep large amounts of money by me, but in this case it was unavoidable, and I thought I should feel less anxious to have it with me than to allow it to remain at the office in the safe."

"I cannot, of course, take it to New York. So I want you to take charge of it and keep it until to-morrow morning, and then carry it to Randall for him to deposit in the bank. Don't say anything about it to your mother. She is so timid and nervous that she would not sleep a wink all night if she knew so large a sum was in the house. Do you understand?"

With no slight feeling of responsibility I took the leathern pocketbook which he handed me and placed it in the pocket of my dress. Father went on: "Perhaps you better put it under your pillow. Of course, it is fire that I am most anxious about. There's no danger to the money in any other way. Not a soul knows about it."

Then he went into the hall, and came very unexpectedly upon Joseph. For I heard him speaking somewhat sharply to him because he had not gone to the stable, and declaring that his business was of more consequence than his supper. I heard Joseph mutter something about taking time to finish his meal.

Ten minutes later, as father was going down the steps to get into the carriage, he turned back to me, and holding his umbrella so that mother should not hear, he said:

"I've been thinking, Christie, that young Randall better come and sleep at the house. I shall feel easier about you. You can telegraph him at the office. He is to be there at work to-night until very late."

Then he stepped into the buggy, and they drove away down the path into the darkness and the rain.

I did not send a message to Harry, however. Indeed, I laughed a little as I thought of father's anxiety. He was almost as timid as mother, after all.

I was of a rather easy, careless disposition, and really had not a particle of fear of having the money in my keeping. And as we two sat there in the library for a long while after this, mother dozed in the big chair and I intent upon some fancy-work which I was anxious to finish in time for a friend's birthday, I forgot altogether the package of money that lay at the bottom of my dress pocket.

Joseph did not get back until nearly 10 o'clock, although it was only three miles to the Junction, and he should have been home long before that hour.

We thought little of that, however. He had been with us for several years, and I had great confidence in his faithfulness. It was not until afterward that mother and I learned that he had recently been led into bad company, and that father had several times had angry words with him about his habits.

Joseph slept in the house; and for that reason it had seemed to me quite unnecessary that Harry Randall should be there also.

When the clock struck 10 mother arose, declaring it was time to go to bed. She went into all the lower rooms to see that the windows and doors were fastened, and then came back to the library for me.

But I did not feel sleepy, and wanted very much to get on with my work; so I begged her to go upstairs without me, promising to come up in the course of an hour.

The clock struck 11 almost before I knew the time had passed. I laid down my work and counted the strokes without looking at the clock itself.

I was sitting at the center-table, near the lamp. At my left, a little way off against the wall, was father's desk, with books and papers scattered upon it, and the battery at one end.

Opposite me were two long windows that opened upon the side piazza. Over these were thick curtains, closely drawn, which did not shut out the sound of the pelting storm outside. Directly behind me was the hall-door standing, as usual wide open.

Just then I heard, or fancied I heard, a low sigh or breath on the hall. I turned my head instantly, but did not see any person; and listening intently, heard no further sound. I felt a little uneasy and smiled to myself at my nervousness; then took up my work again. I had not quite finished what I had set myself to do.

I had not taken three stitches when I laid the work down again. There was no use denying it or laughing at myself. For some reason there had suddenly come over me a strong feeling of nervousness and dread. It seemed as if I realized as I had not before that evening the fact that I was sitting all alone downstairs in the house, at 11 o'clock at night, with a large sum of money in my pocket.

I glanced at the desk. Possibly Harry was still at work at the office. If he was, a single sentence over the wire would call him.

I was just getting up to go to the desk to signal and see if he was at the mill, when something occurred that seemed to turn me cold and motionless as stone in an instant.

Behind me, so close that I knew it must have come from the threshold of the hall door, a low, hoarse voice, that must be that of a desperate and wicked man, broke the stillness and bade me "Good-evening!"

For a moment, as I say, I felt as though I had been turned to stone. Then the voice, speaking again, seemed least to restore the life in me, and to set my heart to beating violently.

The language that the man used was not even as good English, as in attempting to reproduce it, I find myself writing:

"Don't be frightened, miss, I beg of yer not ter be frightened. All ye've got ter do is ter keep still, an' not a hair of yer pretty head shall be harmed."

Then I turned my head, half-wheeling my chair at the same time, and saw, standing in the doorway, a large, brutal-looking man, altogether as ugly and ill-conditioned and fearful-looking a man as I had ever seen.

Naturally enough I opened my lips to utter a cry, but he stopped me by single threatening motion of a club he carried in his hand.

"St!" he fiercely hissed. "If you raise a single scream I'll strike ye as senseless as yer mother is upstairs." These last words changed for the moment the nature of my fear and gave me strength to speak.

"What have you done to my mother?" I demanded excitedly. "Do you mean—have you killed her?" He uttered a sort of low laugh.

"No, my dear; she was wakin' up, so we had ter use the chloroform. An' you must keep still or you'll be served the same way. Yer see, it's jess here."

He drew a step nearer and seemed disposed to explain matters.

"What we want is some money that yer father brought down from Palmer yesterday. Maybe yer don't know about it; but we do, and we know he left it in ther house when he went off to-night. My friend is upstairs looking for it this minute. All we want is the money. We don't mean harm to nobody. Ye shan't be touched if ye behave yerself an' keep quiet."

Somewhat reassured by this, and having had time while he was speaking to collect myself, I was now able to assume an appearance at least of calmness.

I took my embroidery and went on working—or pretending to work—at the pattern I was embroidering. I think the action helped me too; for I presently found myself really quite calm, and with a coolness and resolution that I can hardly believe in now, as I recall it, turning over in my mind what I ought to do.

What would these men do when they found, as they very soon would find, that the money was not upstairs? They would be disappointed and desperate—capable perhaps of deeds that they had not at first intended.

Perhaps I had better give up the money at once and so get rid of them. And yet, father had confided it to my care; and it did not belong to him but to the company. I ought not to let these men have it if I could help it. Oh, why could I not give an alarm somehow? What if I should open my mouth and cry out at any risk? Could I make Joseph hear, away out in the wing of the house as he was? Alas, I knew that I could not, even had not this man been sitting there by the door—he had taken a chair now—eyeing me fiercely, as though he read my very thoughts. Ah, if I had only done as father wished and telegraphed for Harry Randall to come up! And then with his last thought another thought to me. Why could I not summon Harry even now, if perchance he was still at the office?

I arose from my chair, mechanically grasping my work in my hand. My guard got up also, evidently suspicious of my slightest movement. "I'll have to ask yer to keep quiet, miss," said he, with a harsh, determined voice. I turned upon him indignantly. "I suppose I may change my seat if I like," said I.

In an instant, before a word could be said or a blow struck, the man raised his hand and dashed the lamp from the table. In the darkness and confusion the burglars, Joseph among them, made their escape. And although every effort was made, both then and later, to secure their arrest, they were never taken.

However, as I said, our lives and the money that had been confided to my keeping were safe; and we were all thankful for that.

And I may say again that I am very glad that, at that time at least, the telegraph had not been superseded by the telephone.—*Youth's Companion.*

The rescue was complete, so far as saving our lives and saving the money was concerned. The robbers attempted no resistance.

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## "Songs without Words."

INTERESTING EXERCISES IN THE NEW YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

[From the New York Herald, May 17.]

The spirit of song was as surely in the chapel of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb yesterday afternoon, as if the singers had not been voiceless. When a class of maidens stood up and repeated hymns and glad chorals in unison of sign, it was as truly sung as when "the morning stars sang together." The chapel was full, for not only were the most of the pupils big and little, present, and there are more than four hundred of them, but there were more than one hundred of the friends of the Institution there. It was not supposed that interest in the election of directors and officers was all that called them together, though there had been the annual election just before the exhibition. Erastus Brooks had been chosen to fill the place of President Henry E. Davies, LL.D., whose death was of recent occurrence. Enoch L. Fancher, LL.D., had been chosen first vice-president, and the Rev. Charles A. Stoddard, D.D., second vice-president. Edward M. Townsend had been elected director in place of the late president, and following named gentlemen directors for the ensuing three years:—Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D.; William Frothingham, M.D.; Benjamin H. Field, William H. Fogg, John L. Tonnele, Rev. Sullivan H. Weston, D.D.; John T. Terry, Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D. It was simply a re-election of the directors whose term of office had expired, so that the Board is the same as before, excepting that Mr. Edward M. Townsend has been put upon it.

The interest of the occasion, as was said, was almost entirely in the exhibition given by the pupils of their wonderful attainment, for they certainly were wonderful considering the infirmity common to them all. The little ones came first, and excited the greatest surprise among those of the spectators who were not familiar with the work. In classes of six they stood on the platform as bright and happy in appearance as if their life was perfect. Watching their teacher Dr. Peet, the principal of the Institute, they not only understood his sign-language, which is "spoke" with one hand, and obeyed his instructions—touching a door or a hat or other article—but they wrote on the blackboard answers to his questions, and wrote so neatly and beautifully no writing master would have been ashamed of their proficiency if it had been shown by a class a dozen years their seniors. The little ones who did this were seven or eight years old, so little they could only reach half way up the blackboard, and when they had written the lower half nearly full, they twisted their little knees into the most comical and "cutest" angles imaginable to get at the lower lines. Among them were children who had never heard a sound in their lives, and they had only been under instruction since September last.

Almost a minute—it seemed an age—I listened; and my heart sank as no answering signal was heard. Then—Click! Click! Click! came the sounds, sweeter to my ears than the sweetest music; and I knew that Harry was there. These sounds were to some extent covered by the drumming of my thimble, and were to me as plain as spoken words.

"Yes." Instantly I sent back my answer. Two excited words, run all together: "Robbers! Help!"

The total silence that followed assured me, after a minute's anxious waiting, that Harry had comprehended my message, and that doubtless he would at once come to the house. Fortune had favored me, for I had heard the man creeping up the hall stairs, and thus I had escaped the results of any suspicions he might have had had he heard the clicking of the instrument.

I did not look at the clock, and cannot say exactly how long I sat there in silence. It seemed to me that it was hours.

Then there was the sound of whispering in the hall. The next moment there appeared in the doorway a second stranger, rougher and more desperate, if possible, in appearance than the first; and close behind him, to my great surprise and indignation, was our man Joseph. They both advanced into the room, the one looking angry and disappointed, and the other with a sheepish air as he caught my eye.

"We have found the key of the safe," growled the second stranger. "But all for nothing. The money wasn't in it, and we've looked high and low and can't find it. But Joe here sticks to it that it's somewhere in the house; and he thinks," looking freely at me, "you know where. It's no use, Miss—; we haven't any more time to spare, and we won't stand no nonsense. I see it in your eye; you know where the money is. And you've got to tell."

He had advanced while he had been speaking, and was now quite near. I arose from my chair fearing that he meant to lay hands upon me. And at that instant—my ears painfully alert to any noise—I was certain I caught the sound of a footfall outside the window, and I gained fresh courage.

"And why have I got to tell?" demanded I, purposely raising my voice so that it could be heard outside the house. "What right have you to break into this house in this—"

The man suddenly caught me by the wrist, uttering at the same time a fearful oath.

"You make another sound above a whisper," he cried, in a voice hoarse with rage, "I will!"

He did not finish his sentence. There came a loud crash at both windows at once, and the next instant Harry Randall with two watchmen from the mills burst into the room.

worked another class was called, who had studied articulation, and from their teacher, a young lady whose features were so expressive and so mobile that they conveyed her meaning even to the audience without a sound, they received words and letters which they wrote down. Then they pronounced the words pointed out to them, speaking, indeed in the harsh voices characteristic of those who cannot hear their own words, but speaking nevertheless. Some spoke so distinctly that the visitors could understand them and some were less perfect, but those who could not be understood by strangers were understood by their fellows. This was shown when one after another wrote on the blackboard what was said to them. The character of this feat will be understood when the reader reflects that neither the one who spoke nor the one who wrote at dictation knew what a sound was. James H. Caton, a young man who can neither see, hear nor speak, was seated at a type-writing machine, and wrote rapidly an expression of his ideas regarding the Institution, which, it is needless to say, were of the most flattering nature. All the instruction he can receive is given to him by the hand signs of his teacher, and the only way he can perceive is by laying his hands on theirs. Yet he is said to be learning rapidly and to have a very tolerable knowledge of history and an idea of Shakespeare's plays. What that idea must be seems to be beyond conjecture. Other similar exhibitions of the mastery of the communication of thought obtained by the unfortunate people were given, and after the exercises were closed many of the visitors inspected the work rooms where the girls are taught to sew and the boys to do type setting, carpenter's work, shoemaking and tailoring. During the last year the estimated money value of the work done by the inmates was about \$16,000, of which \$2,300 was in printing.

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to Wissahickon, July 4th, through the arrangements of the Committee of the Chirological Lyceum, Messrs. Turner, Willson, and Oakes, where games of different kinds are expected to be indulged in, which will be practised in the sweet, cool open air.

The election of officers of the Chirological Lyceum will be held on the 2nd Wednesday evening of June next, at the Y. M. C. A.

The following is clipped from the *Breakwater Light*, of a recent date:

"Alex. Dezendorf, the deaf-mute athlete, who has been for several weeks past employed in this office and left for Brooklyn, N. Y., last week to accept a more remunerative situation offered him, returned yesterday, and proposes to make this town and our threshold his future home. Although so near, he was yet so far, as he lay in the harbor all day and all night on the ship and was quietly and easily rocked by the waves. Whenever the fog would clear away we could see him wave his hat, and we imagined we could hear him yell through the glass for us to 'send off a boat.' Alex. will no doubt have a story to tell about this trip from New York. We shall let him tell it next week in the *Light* in his own way. He has a love affair on hand, and for what we know he may wish he had been drowned. How are you, Mr. Alex?"

THE RECORDER.

May 18, 1882.

## The Morrison Bequest.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Your correspondent of last week, under the head of "Morrison Bequest," labors hard to make something out of it that will benefit the deaf-mutes. He refers to Masons and Odd Fellows. Why not sift this matter down to Mutual Insurance Association. Say all the mutes in New England associate themselves together, as is done by most all the secret societies. They have constitutions and by-laws and admittance fees, say two dollars, which entitles them to membership, and at the death of a member agree to pay one dollar, which will go directly to the friends of the deceased. Suppose there to be in New England 500 or more, it would place the widows and children above immediate want. I hope something can be done to place mutes above asking alms; mutes are not public wards, and should not be styled as beggars. There was a time when the opportunities offered for deaf-mute education were very meagre, but since we have a primary school in Boston and an advanced one at Northampton, we should educate our children to be self-supporting and not dependent on public charity.

Hoping you will agitate this subject until every mute in the land is made to feel as independent as any speaking person in the country, I remain Yours Truly,  
EDUCATION.

The Quarterly Business meeting of the Clerc Literary Association will be held on the 1st of June next, in the Sunday School Building of St. Stephen's Church.

Last Monday evening (15th), the Anniversary of the Ephphatha Guild was held in the St. Stephen's Sunday School Building. The "Annual report of the Guild and its branches"—Clerc Literary Association and Temperance Society—were read, both orally and by signs. Rev. Drs. McConnell, Crawford, Clerc and Gallaudet, addressed the meeting.

Messrs. Fortescue, Cullingworth, McKinney, Turner, J. Schetz, and Lipsett, were elected by ballot, as the Board of Managers of the Ephphatha Guild, at the last Annual meeting of the Guild, on the 10th inst.

The Clerc Literary Association elected new officers, as follows: Mr. Jos. A. Roop, President; Mr. Thomas Breen, 1st Vice-President; Mr. Michael Higgins, 2d Vice-President; William H. Lipsett, Secretary; Mr. Geo. Shifer, Assistant Secretary; and Mr. William R. Cullingworth, Treasurer; the other Thursday night.

The Sixth Annual Excursion of the Clerc Literary Association will be held at Lakeside Park, N. J., Wednesday, July 5th, 1882. The other arrangements in regard to the exercises, and time, etc., will be put in this paper as soon as possible.

Tickets—Adult, 50 cents. Children, Half price. Tickets are ready for sale. Messrs. McKinney, Roop and Lee, are the committee on Arrangements.

In relation to the particular mistake, authored and made by "Mr. Spy" in the *JOURNAL* and the *Progress*, the two other day. The mistake is to be corrected by the writer, preventing any further similar mistake; as it is now clearly corrected thus: At the meeting of the Clerc Literary Association the other Thursday evening, by the recommendation of its executive committee, the resignation of Prof. J. T. Elwell was accepted, on condition that the duties of the secretary should be settled in proper order.

What are you going to do on the Coming Fourth of July, my friends? If you have not formed plans for the celebrated day, you are respectfully requested to accompany the First Annual Free Social excursion

The above was clipped from a Democratic and a Republican newspaper, which will give your readers some idea, why there were recent changes in the Virginia Institution for Deaf-Mutes.

Respectfully,  
G. L. TURNER.



# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1882.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

## TERMS:

One copy, one year, - \$1.50  
Clubs of ten, - 1.25  
If not paid within six months, - 2.50  
These prices are invariable. Remit by post office money order, or by registered letter.  
Terms, cash in advance.

## CONTRIBUTIONS.

All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in communications.

Contributions, Subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,  
Station M, New York City.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

BREVITY is the soul of wit. Life is too serious a matter to spend one's time in saying or doing unnecessary things. Some of our deaf-mute writers do not take this view of the matter. Many of them are too prolific, and given to copying a verbose and pompous style of phraseology. When words in abundance are necessary, use them; but remember the best and most effective way to make a statement, is to use the fewest and simplest words that can correctly express your meaning. Caesar's message, *Veni, vidi, vici*, has for centuries been extolled for sublime brevity. But in getting things down to a five point, a certain French poet, in writing to Piron, the comic dramatist, gave an example of brevity that was only excelled by the answer he received. He wrote two words, *Eurus* (Latin), meaning "I am going into the country." Piron replied, by sending an answer in the same language, by the single letter *I*, which means "Go." We have heard of a young man who was "mittened" by his sweetheart one evening. The next morning he sent her a letter bearing only these two marks, *!?*, which signified, "I am astonished. Why is this thus?" Now, we don't hanker after epistles like these; but we do wish and pray for ideas clothed in terse and comprehensive language. If our friends will please remember this, we will be spared the heartrending task of clipping the "soul" (so-called) out of their articles, and they will have the pleasure of finding them in print, clad only in the primitive costume in which they were received.

The letter of Mr. Joshua Foster in the present issue, in regard to the alleged revolt of the deaf-mutes at the Philadelphia Institution, gives a different color to the affair. According to the *Philadelphia Times*, the pupils had at dinner one day been served with soup in one of the dishes of which was discovered a piece of soap. The discovery being made known, the soup was rejected by mostly all the boys. The superintendent, as a punishment for rejecting the soup, cut off the supply of butter, and attempted to feed them on dry bread. The boys rebelled at this Wackford Squeers style of discipline, and a regular Dotheboy's Hall riot ensued. Mr. Squeers, under similar circumstances, would have cut off the supply of bread also, and resorted to the brimstone and treacle, which his loving spouse took so much delight in lading from a common bowl with a common ladle. The boy who did not take his share of the brimstone and treacle at one gulp, incurred the penalty of being switched afterward.

It appears, however, that no such serious disturbance occurred as the *Times* published. The damage done, according to Mr. Foster, amounted to nothing. We know what a task it is to give satisfaction to a great number of boys, especially deaf-mute boys, and appreciate the difficulties under which Mr. Cadbury labors. We are glad to have this opportunity to rectify any statement that has been given publicity in the *JOURNAL*, though whatever inaccuracies that statement contained can not be attributed to us.

The exhibition at the New York Institution last week was a brilliant one, and well calculated to demonstrate to the satisfaction of everybody the thoroughness and efficiency of the "combined system" of instructing the deaf and dumb. The exercises began with the youngest and newest pupils and ended with the class of highest attainment. The quantity,

the quality, and the variety of knowledge inculcated was made clear to the audience, and brought forth merited applause and commendation. Ideas, not words, seem to be the end and aim of the sign language, and the pupils showed how they had been benefited, by the extensive information they displayed on quite a variety of topics. As for their use of language, there were none of those grammatical inaccuracies to be noticed (at least with the advanced pupils), which are proverbially attributed to those of the deaf and dumb whose education has been secured through the medium of signs. The articulation classes made a good showing. Little ones, who had been under instruction a few months only, could not only take simple words from their fellow pupils, but could transmit the words by the same method to their fellow pupils. One young man read *voce viva* the poem entitled "Curfew must not ring to-night." There can be but one opinion regarding the system of instruction which produces such results, and it is our firm belief that for efficiency, force and competency, there is no other system so well adapted to the educational training of the deaf and dumb.

MR. CARRAWAY's article in the present issue will be of interest to all who possess any regard for the future welfare of the National Association of Deaf-Mutes. The question of the city in which the next convention will be held appears to cause anxiety in some parts of the country. Every one who has interrogated us seems to want it held in a convenient locality for himself alone. Mr. Carraway's suggestion that the Committee meet to decide the question and transact other business will not, we think, meet with general approval. We hope a satisfactory decision will be arrived at without calling for a Committee meeting, and that the result will be announced before long, so that those who intend to take any active part in the coming convention may know exactly where they will have to go in order to be present, and can make preparations accordingly.

## NOTICES.

### WHIT-SUNDAY.

Next Sunday, May 28th, will be Whit-Sunday, the Christian Day of Pentecost, the anniversary of the descent of the Holy Ghost upon the twelve apostles in Jerusalem. Most of the deaf-mutes who have been confirmed in St. Ann's Church, have received their first Communion on that day. They and the newly confirmed are invited to unite in the Communion services, next Sunday at 7 a.m. or 10.30 a.m. The afternoon service for deaf-mutes will be held as usual at 2.45.

## GARFIELD MEMORIAL.

### Bulletin No. 24.

NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE,  
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 20.

The following (\$9.67) has been received and paid during the week, from Rome, N. Y., through Mr. O. W. Evans:

### ATTACKS OF THE SCHOOL.

Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Evans,	25
E. B. Nelson,	04
Dr. Flaudran,	04
Wm. Martin Chamberlain,	1 00
E. A. Dwyer,	25
E. A. Baslin,	05
E. P. Johnson,	25
M. Pullman,	25
J. M. Blythe,	15
J. Englehard,	10
N. Falvey,	10

### PUPILS.

Napoleon Emilio,	10
W. J. Bailey,	04
W. L. Cox,	10
A. Blair,	10
H. Mitchell,	01
C. Macengier,	02
D. G. Carpenter,	02
W. J. Parker,	05
M. E. Shepherd,	05
Geo. L. Stewart,	10
H. A. Gardner,	05
C. D. Gibbs,	05
P. L. Francis,	10
Bennie Gage,	05
G. Henry,	05
W. S. Adams,	10
J. E. Pursey,	10
L. Boyd,	01
O. B. Hoxie,	10
W. A. Stearns,	25

### OUTSIDE FRIENDS.

E. W. Schubert,	25
E. J. Gately,	25
Luke A. Brown,	25
W. Jones,	25
A. Yonman,	03
E. Lindner,	25
L. Popper,	10
M. Hackentine,	10
S. Thielman,	25
C. W. Emory,	25
Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Evans,	25
E. J. Coleman,	25
A. J. Bronzton,	25
F. J. Hager, Jr.,	25
L. G. Reider,	25
B. W. Williams,	25
Twelve items each marked "cash"	1 81

Total - \$9 67  
Amount already reported - 853 93  
Total to date - \$963 60

A. G. DRAPER,  
Treasurer.

# ITEMIZER.

## FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

## News From Every State in the Union.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mail items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Miss H. Gould, of Cincinnati, paid her sister, Mrs. S. O. Swen, a visit recently.

The lady writer of this item would like to know the whereabouts of Mr. James McMeahan.

Mr. A. L. Carlisle extends sympathy to Miss Susie and Sam Wardman in their loss of their mother.

The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stratton was baptized at St. Ann's Church Sunday last.

Frank Klingman thinks of returning to New York. He says the Wisconsin climate does not agree with him.

Mr. Volney P. Ballard, thinks of visiting his Alma Mater—Jacksonville, Ill., soon. He has not been there in 22 years.

Olof Norling, formerly of Minnesota, is now in Dakota working on the new railroad running through the Territory.

The writer of this item would like to know if Messrs. Upham and Heyman intend to travel again as they did last fall.

M. W. Carr and brother, of Sparta, Ill., recently sold thirty-seven acres of unimproved land to a Mr. Yearin for \$350.

George Lucas, whose sudden death in Owego, N. Y., was recorded in last week's issue, was a graduate of the American Asylum at Hartford.

NOTICE TO WILLIAM HUTTON:—"I have a letter for you which you can have by sending me directions where to send it. "A. W. MANN."

J. M. T. Davis unexpectedly loomed up at St. Ann's Church, New York City, Sunday last. He appeared to be on the war path, but secured no scalps.

Mrs. A. E. Barnes is at home with her parents at present. She thinks she will not go to the Ohio Alumni Association Convention. She will probably go to Baton Rouge, La., before long.

Mr. Volney P. Ballard, of Storey City, Ia., is a canvasser by occupation, and has been an agent for Barclay & Co., Publishers and Booksellers, Philadelphia, for fifteen years, and by strict attention to duty has won the confidence and esteem of his employers.

Mrs. Sarah A. Burns, a deaf-mute, while walking on the track of the air line of the Michigan Central railroad near Niles on Wednesday, May 10th, was run over by a freight train, and instantly killed, her body being mangled beyond recognition. She was a widow, 47 years old and leave a son 15 years of age.

On the 14th, Miss M. L. Woolley, of Pleasant Ridge, O., accompanied by her young mute brother called on Miss H. Gould, of Cincinnati. She lives on the farm with her parents, and has three mute brothers who will go to school at Columbus next fall. She talks of attending the Alumni Convention in August at the Ohio Institution.

Albert O. Bowler, of Rockland, Me., was twenty-eight years old, on Saturday, May 20th, and was the recipient of a nice birthday present from his father; viz. a copy of James D. McCabe's Pictorial History of the World, valued at \$6.50. Albert's father is building a nice family residence, at his field, one mile out of the city, to be the future residence of Albert and his father.

"Bob" Ward, after a walk of seven miles from Boston, Pa., arrived in Irwin on the 20th inst., (Saturday afternoon) and "greeted" Frank Wideman with joy, where he passed a couple of days, and departed for his dear (?) village home on the 22d, to resume his labor—that is, he is a shoemaker by trade. Bob says he will probably be in Williamsburg, where he will spend the Fourth of July, at the Twelfth Annual Deaf-Mute Picnic in Woodside's Orchard, if circumstances will favor him. This is the first time he will visit the picnic, and he will, it is hoped enjoy a "bully" time on the day.

## Remarkable Restoration of Speech and Hearing.

CHATTANOOGA, May 18.—A man named J. R. Dutton, who has been deaf and dumb for sixteen years, was on the steamer Wilder sailed for his berth, a few days ago, when it struck a snag, and he was thrown out. He was overcome with fright and became sick, and in a few days his speech and hearing were entirely restored. He lost them by disease.

## Ill-Assorted Couples.

"How singular!" remarked a New Haven lady to her husband. "The paper says two deaf-mutes have just been married!"

"Indeed," replied the cruel man, "what a happy, quiet time they'll have, to be sure."

"Oh, but they didn't marry each other. The man married a woman who can talk and the woman married a man that can talk."

"Mighty ill-assorted couples," was his truthful reply.—*New Haven Register*.

## The New Jersey Deaf and Dumb Institution.

The Commissioners appointed by the late Legislature to convert the Soldiers' Children's Home in Chambersburg, N. J., into an institution for the indigent deaf and dumb children of the State, held an adjourned meeting at the Executive Chamber on Tuesday, May 16th, Governor Ludlow presiding, and completed their organization by appointing the following standing committees, as prescribed by the law:

Executive Committee—Governor Ludlow, Hon. John T. Bird, E. J. Anderson, T. W. Morris, Marcus Beach.

On Organization and Rules—Hon John T. Bird, R. L. Howell, E. A. Appgar.

On Discipline and System of Instruction—Thomas T. Kinney, E. A. Appgar, E. J. Anderson.

On Admissions and By-Laws—T. W. Morris, Marcus Beach, R. S. Sander.

On Substantance and Clothing—H. C. Sander, A. V. Manning, H. B. Crosby.

A Connecticut subscriber wants to know the particulars of the M. L. A.'s coming picnic.

A. E. Volker's address is 2 and 4 Lemoine Street, Montreal, Canada, Care of I. A. Mooney.

W. Munger, of Bridgeport, Conn., was around in New York, but has gone off to Philadelphia.

J. Wilkinson, who is a member of the Star Base Ball Club of Brooklyn, will play in a match game soon.

Columbia College will close in May, and reopen in October. Well, Fresh. Driscoll, how will you spend the four months? Teach?

A Massachusetts correspondent asks: "Where is the Social Union which was broken up as reported in the *JOURNAL* of the 18th inst?"

A "friend" would like to know whether Miss Effie Parker will attend the annual picnic for mutes in Wilkesburg, Pa., on the 4th of July.

It was erroneously reported in last week's *JOURNAL* that the infant child of Mr. and Mrs. John Dunlap was dead. The child is alive and in the best of health.

George A. Klein left the Rochester, N. Y., School last summer. He is still working in shoe factory of Cox & Bros., of Rochester, N. Y. He makes good wages.

Frederick D. Spafford, of Rochester, N. Y., was a former pupil at the Western New York Institution. He is a painter by trade. His wages are very good.

Mr. S. E. Brewer, of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., would like to know where Mr. H. J. Haight bought his "incubators," also, how Mr. Haight's poultry business is getting along.

"Imperator" expects to take in the wilds of the country, where he will honor relatives with a pleasant visit some day if nothing happens, and also that he may enjoy the bracing air.

Last Sunday, the 21st inst., Prof. A. S. Clark, of the Hartford Asylum, preached in Worcester to the mutes (19 mutes in all) in the forenoon, and in the afternoon 18 mutes attended. His sermons were very well rendered and interesting.

Charles Cooper, a former pupil of Fanwood, and a graduate of the Western New York Institution, works in a cigar factory at present. He said that he expected to go and visit Buffalo, next July, if he has plenty of time.

It is reported that Michael Hackett is going to be married to Miss Annie Spafford. They were pupils at the Mackay Institution in Montreal, Canada. They live in Rochester now. Michael is a boss sod-cutter. Annie is a handsome lady.

Charles Ingham, left the Western New York Institution last summer. He worked in a shoe factory in Rochester, N. Y., but he left it. He has obtained a place in a stove factory and his wages are better than when he worked in the shoe factory.

John R. Newcomb, a graduate of the Rochester school, worked in a boot and shoe factory in Rochester, N. Y., but he has left the factory. He is now a painter by trade, and makes better wages than he used to work in the factory.

Mrs. Marrette Wilkins, living in Essex, Vt., had notice of her dismissal from the Presbyterian Church, at Antrim, N. H., to the Congregational Church at Essex, Vermont. She was received by Rev. John Cowan, and is united with the church.

John N. Bergier, who graduated from the school in Buffalo, came to Rochester, N. Y., from Chicago, last February. He works for his uncle as a painter. His mother moved to Chicago from Buffalo last fall. Some of the deaf-mutes of Rochester were very glad to see John.

Friday afternoon, L. Waters and a mute from the Lexington Institution, were seen coming out of the office of Starin, at the foot of Courtland St. The mute said that the members of the Twilight Union will play ball in Prospect Park. Ah! I understand. The T. U. are going to have a base ball match.

## Tempest in a tea-pot.

AN ALLEGED "REVOLT" AT THE INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

This morning the public were informed of a serious "revolt" among the deaf and dumb inmates of the Institution, Broad and Pine streets. Becoming angry because butter was denied them as a punishment one evening, the report says that "boys went off to the dormitories, where they immediately began to show their displeasure in the most expressive way. Beds were overturned, the clothes torn off and thrown in heaps and trampled upon, pillows kicked about and the whole placed turned into a scene of confusion. Sheets were torn, almost every movable article put out of place, articles thrown out of the window, and through it all the deaf and voiceless rabble indulged in a series of angry motions and singular noises. The attendants were utterly unable to quell the disturbances." Finally the principal, Mr. Foster, appeared upon the scene and poured oil upon the troubled waters.

Mr. Foster, in conversation with a Bulletin representative this morning, said that a great mountain had been made of a very small molehill, in this matter. Instead of happening on "Wednesday evening last," the difficulty occurred two or three weeks ago, and he had forgotten all about it until he read these startling announcements in the paper to-day. "It appears," said he, "that one of the older boys found a small piece of soap in this soup bowl, and he passed it around to the others at his own and the adjoining tables. The boys thought the soap had come out of the boiler, and was the result of carelessness on the part of the cooks, and they resolved not to eat any soup the next time it was given them. Accordingly the larger boys ate no soup the next time it was served. The food was very good, and the Superintendent, Mr. Cadbury, said that if they refused to eat it they should eat their bread without butter that night. I was not consulted, and knew nothing about it at the time. That evening those particular boys received no butter, and they got the idea that the punishment was to be made a permanent one. They were naturally angry, feeling the offence was not deserving of such a punishment, and they accordingly went to their dormitories and discussed the situation. In order to give emphasis to their feelings the things were thrown around pretty generally, but nothing was torn, nor was anything thrown out of the window. I went there at once, explained the matter to the boys, and in ten minutes it was all over. We went into the chapel at 8 o'clock, had a brief service and talk, and the little fellows were in bed by half past 8 and the older ones at their studies."

Mr. Foster said that there was no complaint about the diet whatever, as it has been very considerably improved by Mr. Cadbury. Whenever the parents or friends of the children visit the Institution a point is always made of taking them down in the dining-rooms, and particularly at meal times. The children, many of them, receive much better food than they would at their own homes.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*, May 8.

On dit that G. A. Holmes, of Boston, is engaged to a beautiful young lady of charming manners, and that the wedding bells will very soon ring a merry peal over their Union. She is said to be one who will be an ornament to the Boston Society. The wedding will, on dit, come in a few months at most.

Two weeks ago, Mr. Herman Erbe, of Thomaston, Ct., accidentally broke a small bone of his left leg. The physician who was in attendance, said his leg would be all right in two weeks or more. Last Wednesday, he left this town for his native town (Southington). He has got a good job in Meriden, Conn., where he will follow his trade of clock-making. His friend who greatly missed him, wanted him to meet with prosperity in his new place.

It is about time, "that gang" which daily assembles at the *Harvard* office, during the noon hour, were broken up. The magnificent check which they display there is truly sublime, but a little out of place. If the "boys" desire to meet between 12 and 1 o'clock for a few moments conversation, they should do so in some less public place. How would the City Hall Park, just opposite the centre of the new Post Office, do?—*JUNO*.

The writer asks why in the name of goodness the M. L. A. don't get up some lively debates and lectures. Things at present conducted by the committee which has such matters in charge, have gone from bad to worse. Last Thursday evening the question for debate was "Is it ever right to marry for money?" Such a question is enough to demolish the association. So thought the majority of the members, including the president, who were conspicuous by their absence.

## MARRIED.

DODOLAS-STEVENS.—On Saturday, May 20th, by Rev. A. Andrews, Miss Lizzie A. Stevens, of Gardner, Mass., to Randall Douglass, of Washington, D. C.

## OBITUARY.

Mrs. Caroline E. Budd, widow of the late Dr. B. W. Budd, died on Friday evening, May 18th, at the Rectory of St. Ann's Church, in the 78th year of her age. In the Parish register of the Communicants of St. Ann's Church, her name stands first on the list, having been received from St. Stephen's Church, in October, 1852. The first born child of Dr. and Mrs. Budd, Elizabeth, now Mrs. Gallaudet, was sent at an early age to be a pupil of the New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes under Dr. H. P. Peet. Mrs. Budd became, at once, deeply interested in the Institution, and has always been considered one of its most faithful friends. The earlier graduates have always associated her with the memories of Miss Dudley, Mrs. Stoner, and Professors Barnard, Bartlett, Casey, Stone, Van Nostrand and other former instructors. She was always present at the public exhibitions of the pupils, and rejoiced in their success. Many of the teachers and pupils have been welcomed to her hospitable home. As wife, mother, grandmother and great-grandmother, she was ever ready to sacrifice herself in her devotion to her loved ones. Full of years and usefulness in the service of her Master, she has entered upon the rest of Paradise.

## Obituary.

From the *Winfield* (N. Y.) Reporter.

Died, at the Willard Asylum for the Insane, Seneca Lake, Simeon D. Bucklen, where he had been an inmate for about twelve years. He was born March 7, 1830, in the county of Cortland, this state. Being deaf and dumb, at twelve years of age he was sent to the Institution in New York for instruction of that unfortunate class of persons, under the Professorship of Harvey Peet. This school he attended seven years, and secured a degree of proficiency in his studies. Unfortunately his organization was such that he was pronounced insane by the physicians in this place and taken to the State Institution at Utica where he staid several months, and was then sent to the Willard Asylum, where he died of consumption March 10, and was buried March 14, 1882. His expense, at the above Institution were borne by property belonging to himself.

## The Alleged Revolt at the Philadelphia Institution.

PENNA. INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB. PHILADELPHIA, May 19, 1882.

### E. A. HODGSON, Esq.:

DEAR SIR:—I was sorry to see in your issue of the 18th inst., an article taken from the *Philadelphia Times* of May 8th, giving a greatly exaggerated and very inaccurate account of what that paper is pleased to call a revolt of deaf-mutes. The writer of that article has given a very fair example of what can be done in the way of making a very large mountain out of a very small mole hill. The following short statement, in substance, was sent to the *Times*, but failed to appear:—

### "EDITOR OF THE 'TIMES':"

"SIR:—I venture to ask you to correct a few inaccuracies in your account of the little affair that happened at the Deaf and Dumb Institution two weeks ago. In the dormitories, no beds were overturned—no furniture heavier than chairs was moved—no sheets were torn—and nothing was thrown out of the windows. Nothing was destroyed, nothing broken. There was excitement and noise for a few minutes—nothing more.

"In regard to the food furnished the pupils, suffice it to say that the Committee on the Household are all gentlemen with hearts in their bosoms, and it is their earnest aim and effort to have the food of excellent quality, and sufficient quantity. No better bread can be found in the city than that on our table. No cheap butter or meat or stale vegetables are ever bought. Our good housekeeper sees to it that the food is well cooked and placed before the children in a palatable form. And our Superintendent is as anxious and earnest as anybody to have everything good and nice and abundant. We all take pride in our children's table. Any one interested in the matter is hereby invited to call at the Institution without previous notice at meal-time and see the quality of the food, and whether the children eat with appetite or not. When parents

of the pupils are here at meal-time, they are always taken into the dining room, and invariably express their satisfaction with what they see. It is a very common thing to hear them say that their children here live much better than they did at home. The children themselves say so. Some of them, who were taken home at Easter, said, on their return, that they would have fared much better if they had staid here. A mother, after having seen her boy at dinner, wrote in a recent letter, 'Let us know how he is getting along. I know he is all right, if he is well, for I saw they have it very nice, and I am perfectly satisfied. Since I saw them at their meals, I can't worry about Jacob any more.' We do not at all object to have the truth told about us, but we do seriously object to the publication of such articles as that in the *Times*.

"Respectfully,  
"JOSHUA FOSTER."

## Philadelphia Institution.

EDITOR *JOURNAL*:—The reappearance of a greatly exaggerated account of the disturbance which occurred here among the male members of our Inst. (as given by the *Philadelphia Times*), has decided me to reply to it through the *JOURNAL*'s columns. The whole account of the affair was first given by the *Times*, and was shamefully exaggerated in every particular. There was, it is true, a misunderstanding between the Superintendent and some of the male pupils, but it did not end as disastrously as the *Press* has affirmed. A trifling accident and a slight misunderstanding were the causes of the disturbance, and on the spur of the moment the boys forgot the respect due to the officers and teachers of the Institution, and manifested their disapproval of restraint in a rather noisy manner. But neither furniture, bedding, nor the building suffered damage at the hands of the revelers; and quiet was soon restored again. If we are to believe the *Times*, "the pupils have been compelled to eat soap and food unfit for dogs." This is false! The Directors have done and are still doing all they can to promote the welfare and happiness of the pupils. The food is in every way abundant and of excellent quality, and we have no cause whatever to complain of it.

Accidents will sometimes happen, however much care is taken, and the one who laid the foundation for all this exaggeration and malicious slander, was one which might have occurred to any one. No one regrets this occurrence more than our honored Principal, and no one was less to blame. Whoever started these slanderous reports, lacks both the instincts of a gentleman, and the principles of truth. I feel that the great wrong which has been done our directors, officers and our Principal, call for retaliation and justice, and think that a reply from a *pupil*, who can have no personal motives for doing this, will do more toward counteracting the wrong impressions which have been given the public, than one from an officer or teacher of the Institution, who might perhaps be accused of self-interested motives for contradicting the false reports now in circulation concerning the treatment of the pupils here.

Truly yours,  
VIOLET.

PHILADELPHIA, May 20, '82.

## NEW YORK CITY.

The Barnum-Jumbo show has at last struck Brooklyn. The reason, it is supposed, that it did not come across from New York before it went to Philadelphia, is that many of Brooklyn's boys and girls had been to see the show over in New York, and therefore it would not pay to visit Brooklyn directly after New York.

It is about three weeks since it left New York, and all are now anxious for another glance at the "Greatest show on earth."

Jumbo landed on Long Island at about 8 p.m., Sunday night, loaded with chains. He does not seem to take kindly to America, and if he was loose he might take it into his head to pull up a few telegraph poles. A crowd of small boys with brazen lungs formed themselves into a self-appointed guard of honor, and, we are informed, a few of the more enthusiastic urchins, on seeing his deplorable condition,



## COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

### An Enjoyable Trip.

### KENDALL vs. CADETS.

#### Description of Game.

### OTHER JOTTINGS.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

After having secured a victory over the Astoria club on Monday by 29 to 10, and suffering a defeat at the hands of the Treasury nine by 12 to 6 on Thursday, the Kendalls prepared for the final game of the week with the cadets of the Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md. An excursion party was formed, and at an early hour Saturday morning the excursionists took the train at 7th and K. streets for the scene of their day's pleasure. On the occasion, "Old Probs" smiled serenely, and his ally, old Sol, also lent his beaming countenance to dispel any unpleasant gloom, and add to the general hilarity. On the way to Annapolis, a merry time prevailed among the party, there being plenty of material and opportunities for lively sallies and frolicking, which were not permitted to pass unnoticed. About 9:30, the train reached Annapolis, and then commenced the last stage of the journey to the Academy. Some took coaches, other omnibuses, while a goodly number preferred to walk through the city and thus see it to advantage. At the gate of the Academy, the party were received by a number of cadets, who throughout the day acted as guides and showed the utmost courtesy and attention towards their guests. The various points of interest were pointed out, including the Naval and Heindon monuments, the officer and cadet quarters, the Gunery, new Armory, Engineering Department, Art Class rooms and Gymnasium, and numerous other objects of interest which space prevents us from describing at greater length. Sight seeing occupied most of the time up to noon, when, by invitation of the cadets, the Kendalls took dinner in the large and handsome dining hall of the Academy. The meal was an excellent one, and served up in the best style possible, and fully prepared the men for the afternoon work.

Shortly after 1 o'clock, the nines began to put in their appearance dressed in their respective uniforms, that of the cadets being white sleeveless shirts with "N. A." on bosoms, white knee breeches, Brown Stockings and Hats. At 2:15 p. m.,

#### THE GAME OPENED

with the cadets at the bat, Jackson, Carter and Tilden being put out in one, two, three order. For Kendalls Angell got first base on called balls and managed to get third base, but staid there, Lynch, Leib and Barr getting out in quick succession. In the next inning Higgins was struck out. Gillis was also put out at first base, but O'Leary got to first, stole to second and finally got home, making the 1st run amid applause. Roebaker made a base hit and got to third, but was left there. Prince being struck out. In turn for Kendall, Griffin made a base hit, and was sent to second by Brookmire and managed to reach third. Sands went out on a fly to Roebaker. Reed, by a great strike, sent Griffin home, and Brookmire to third, reaching first himself. Chickering followed with a daisy cutter to left field, sending Brookmire home and reaching second. On an error of Plunkett, Reed came home and Chickering got to third, but could get no farther, Angell and Leib being put out in succession. In the third inning the cadets made but one run, though they twice had men at third base; Kendall did but little better, Barr being the only man on their side to cross the home plate.

The cadets now settled down in dead earnest and showed that their dander was really aroused. Gillis made a base hit and managed to reach second. O'Leary was struck out, but Roebaker made up for this by sending Gillis home and reaching second; and finally reached third on a base hit by Prince. On an error of Sands, Plunkett reached first base while Prince went for third and Roebaker got home, but in stealing to second Plunkett was put out by Angell. Prince came home, and Jackson reached on a good hit and came home on a three baser by Carter who, however, did not get home, Tilden being struck out. In this inning Kendall was retired in one, two, three order.

The fifth inning was opened by Higgins with a base hit. He reached second, and by Gillis, was sent to third and on an error, came home, Gillis going to second. O'Leary being struck out, Roebaker made a base hit which gave him first base, and sent Gillis home, but Prince struck to Angell who, by a splendid double play, put both Roebaker and Prince out. In this inning Kendall only added one run to their score leaving the cadets with a good lead. However, they did not keep it long, as in the next inning they were blanked, while

Kendall spurted and went ahead again. Angell, Sands, Brookmire and Reed adding each a run. In the seventh inning the cadets again took the lead and maintained it to the end, though Kendall made gallant struggle to catch up, and were prevented from doing so by an unhappy slip of Barr. As regards the playing of both nines—though there were a number of errors—it can be justly said that they did their best, the game being closely contested throughout. The fielding of both nines was good. The playing of O'Leary was excellent, and was ably supported by Plunkett. Barr and Lynch also did effective work, the latter putting out the most men. The splendid physical proportions of the cadets called forth the admiration of all, and is only equalled by their uniform courtesy and gentlemanly bearing. We trust Kendall may tempt them to come to Kendall Green, and thus give the students an opportunity to show their appreciation of the consideration shown them while at Annapolis.

The score is as follows:—

CADETS.	R.	O.	KENDALL.	R.	O.
Jackson, 1b	4	1	Angell, 2b	1	3
Carter, 2b	1	2	Leib, rf	1	3
Tilden, cf	0	1	Lynch, c	0	3
Higgins, 3b	2	3	Barr, p	1	3
Gillis, rf	3	2	Griffin, 1b	2	3
O'Leary, p	2	3	Sands, ss	2	3
Roebaker, 2b	2	3	Brookmire, lf	2	3
Prince, cf	1	3	Reed, 3b	2	2
Plunkett, c	0	4	Chickering, cf	0	4
Total	12	27	Totals	11	27

CADETS.....	0	1	4	2	0	3	0	1—12
KENDALL.....	0	3	1	0	1	4	0	0—11

Umpire—Mr. W. W. White, of Treasury Base Ball Club.

Time of game—1 hour and 55 minutes.

Base hits—Cadets 7, Kendall 12.

First base by errors of opponents—Cadets 3, Kendall 1.

Immediately after the conclusion of the game, the party took the cars and arrived at the depot just in time to catch the train. President Gallaudet, who accompanied the party, took special care of the comfort and convenience of the occupants, and appeared as the father of a great family anxious for the enjoyment of his children. All reached home safely at 7 p.m., and vow it was a most enjoyable affair, and a day spent amusingly as well as in instructive pleasure.

#### JOTTINGS.

Kendall vs. Astoria, Tuesday (retum match).

Principal McWhorter, of the West Pennsylvania Institution, called on Friday.

Trundle, of '85, left for home Thursday on account of poor health. Mr. Wilkinson, of the California Institution, preached an excellent sermon in the College chapel.

The Kendalls go to Alexandria, Va., Saturday, 27th, to play a return match with the Howards of the Episcopal High School.

Gerty, daughter of Mr. Ballard, has been sick with scarlet fever for the past two weeks. We are pleased to learn that the bright little girl is convalescing.

Principal Wilkinson, of the California Institution, is the guest of President Gallaudet. He made one of the party to Annapolis yesterday, and appeared to enjoy himself.

The Kendall second nine defeated a picked nine on Friday, by 22 to 6. A third nine, known as the Aesthetes, has been organized and is practicing daily.

The following was the programme at the literary exercises, Friday evening, May 19. Essay, "Three Chief Sources of European Progress. Mr. Allabough, '84. Debate "Resolved, That the sea exhibits greater wonders than the land. Aff.—Messrs. Dandon, '84, and Waring, '86; neg.—Messrs. Johnson and Booker, '86. Decided in favor of affirmative. Declamation, "Peter the Great in Disguise." Messrs. Morrow and Deem, '85, and Dantzer, '86. Declamation, "The Roman Sentinel," Mr. Robinson, '84.

LESTER MONTROSE.

KENDALL GREEN, May 21, '82.

#### Boston Notes.

Professor Currier, of the New York Institution, entertained the Boston Mute Society with a very interesting and impressive sermon, at Alpha Hall, 18 Essex Street, a week ago last Sunday. In the afternoon, he conducted the prayer meeting, which has an unusually large number of mutes. He gave them instructive and emphatic divine words. In the evening he, in company with his wife, left for New York.

Mr. Frank B. Roberts and his father's family, are making active preparations for their summer residence in Portsmouth, N. H., and will remain until October.

The mutes gathered in large numbers at our Hall, May 3d, to listen to our genial Gen. A. Newhall. Subject—"Fron-Frou." This was played by Sara Bernhardt. A few crocodile tears rolled down the cheeks of the Appleton Street lady at his lecture.

There will be a sociable at our rooms next Wednesday evening (this week). A number of games will be indulged in, to which all are cordially invited. We hope to have a full report of it in the next issue of the JOURNAL.

Mr. Henry H. Skillin will visit Portland, Maine, in June, and will tarry about four weeks.

The mutes around Boston have fairly lost their heads by being so anxious to call on the great foreign Jumbo in June, when Barnum will visit the city.

Last Wednesday evening, a lecture was given to the Boston mutes by E. W. Frisbee, on "St. Patrick." Some of the legends were new to the audience. Some considerable discussion was made concerning the birthplace of St. Patrick and also doctrines, after the lecture was over, Mr. G.

Holmes read us a letter from Brother A. C. Hargrave, about the death of his loved sister, which occurred last Monday. A short account of her sickness and death may be interesting to your readers. Some time in the autumn of 1880, she passed a competitive examination, and was selected out of some thirty ladies as writer in the Registry of Deeds Office.

Some five months after, in going to her home, she, on a very stormy evening, caught a cold from which she never recovered. Last summer she visited Blue Hill, Me., hoping to gain relief. On her returning home in the fall, she was advised to visit Georgia, remaining there several months. She became convinced that her days on earth were but few, and in company with her beloved brother George (speaking), hastened home that she might be with those she loved when the angel of death should waft her soul to the realm of bliss. She died as she had lived, a devoted Christian. Brother Hargrave and the bereaved family have the sympathy of all.

Mrs. Whipple Follette will deliver a lecture at our hall on the 31st inst. Mrs. F. is an interesting speaker and also graceful sign-maker, and will be sure to draw a good audience. The last time the lecture was held, the evening was very stormy, but the number was unexpectedly large, and the lecture was much enjoyed by all present.

#### FROM INDIANAPOLIS.

VISITORS, PLEASURES, SOCIAL GATHERINGS, PARTIES, BAPTISMS.

Last week was literally crowded with events, visitors, etc., so we are compelled to write again. Rain and mud will not keep away visitors and when we least expect them they are sure to drop in unawares. During the fore part of last week, Miss Bella McKim, of Madison, came to make her sister, Mrs. S. J. Vail, a short visit.

Following in her wake was Mr. R. D. Livingstone, of Colorado and Eastern fame, who stopped here about two days on his way to Denver City, Col. He took us quite by surprise. Having frequently heard of him through the deaf-mute press. We were introduced to him by "Mignon," and after making his acquaintance found him a very interesting person, sparkling and newswy, fresh from the outer world, and of the gallant Eastern type for which we "Western folks" have an admiration and a weakness. (We wish some of the down Easters lived Westward.) His visit, though short, has left a lasting and pleasant impression among several here. Come again and be welcome.

Friday evening, the Eastern bound train brought Rev. A. W. Mann, his estimable wife and dear little boy. They were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Corwin.

Saturday morning they visited the school rooms. In the evening, Rev. Mann delivered a lecture on the "Life and writings of Charles Dickens," which was both interesting and amusing, and lasted nearly two hours.

Sunday morning Rev. Mann held service in the Institution chapel, and delivered an unusually interesting sermon. His subject being "Conscience, or Moral Sense." In wrong doing, conscience is thoroughly aroused to its sense of duty, and reproves us so that we feel ill at ease and stop short in the act. In doing right, in deeds of kindness and mercy, conscience placidly slumbers, indicating, perhaps, that it is right, and we keep on doing so. Conscience aids, in a great measure, to thwart the great rush of sin and crime in this world. After chapel service, Mr. and Mrs. Mann and "Newcomer" hastened down to Christ Church. At high noon Rev. Mann, assisted by Rev. Bradley, baptized the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Houdyshell. Mrs. Mann was god-mother during the ceremony. In the afternoon, Rev. Mann again lectured in the chapel on minor topics for the special benefit of the pupils.

Immediately after service, Rev. Mann, with a street car full of teachers and friends, started for the city to Christ Church. When we set out the sun was shining brightly, but as we neared the city a pouring rain came down. Those who were provided against such an emergency got off and walked three blocks to the church, and the rest returned to the Institution on the next car. "Mignon" and "Newcomer" were pretty fortunate, as were Mr. and Mrs. Corwin. "Bella L."—Mrs. Bierhaus and Miss McKim, were very unfortunate at first, but by the time they reached home the rain ceased and clouds dispersed, so their fine feathers were spared.

Sunday evening, there was a social gathering at Mrs. Corwin's hospitable home, and a very quiet but enjoyable time was had.

Monday morning, Rev. Mann and family departed for Muncie to lecture there, and thence return home. The teachers here enjoyed their visit very much, and Mrs. Mann left a good many real heartaches over her sudden departure after her short but pleasant visit, very pleasant "to us lady teachers," here and we sincerely hope she will come again ere long and make a more extended visit. Rev. Mann's visit and sermons do us a world of good and we only wish his visits were more frequent. I know many here will second me.

They came, they went, and though we sincerely regretted their departure, we shall always cherish that visit

here as something bright and pleasant in the fading past.

Tuesday evening of this week, a "Costume Bon-bon party" was held at Mrs. S. J. Vail's cozy home, in honor of Miss Bella McKim. Amusement was tip-top, refreshments the daintiest, all went gay as marriage bells until the wee small hours warned us it was time to depart for home and the "Land of Nod," though we were loth to leave.

Miss McKim and "Newcomer" had a very pleasant time sight seeing and pleasure taking yesterday p.m. After a pleasant visit with promises to come again and stay longer, Miss Bella departed for Madison much to our regret.

Supt. Wilkinson, of the California School, made us a short visit recently. Miss Matilda Farlow, of Iowa, is expected at our commencement, June 21st.

The Illinois Institution closes its portals next week. Miss Hiatt stops at Bloomingdale, Ind., to visit relatives there, while the Misses Sheridan make a bee-line for "home, sweet home."

Miss Alice Robinson was here yesterday afternoon, to attend services, and see "Mignon."

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Lee have gone to spend the summer in Texas.

Rustic seats are being built under the giant trees on the lawns, and extra flower beds made and put in order, thus adding to the beauty of the Institution grounds.

A new marble silver drinking fountain is being made in the main hall for the accommodation of all.

Pic-nic is still a thing of untold anticipation among the pupils.

Harry Allison, one of our boys, left the Institution yesterday, as his parents will very soon move to Kansas City.

E. L. Robinson, formerly of this Institution, but now of the Michigan Institution, dropped in upon us yesterday. He came to attend his sister's wedding, in the city, and returned to Flint, Mich., to-day. We were glad to see him, and also to hear about our former teachers and schoolmates now at the Flint school.

"Mignon" has at last come out in her new spring suit of black and white check, which is elegant and "too too ut." stylish and becoming, added to this is a love of a black hat trimmed wholly of lace, beads and ostrich plumes and tips. My, don't she look just bewitching.

"Bella L." at last glories in a new black hat, profusely trimmed with plumes and black satin ribbon, while "Newcomer" appears in a new "sun-bonnet."

Mrs. S. J. Vail is radiant in a new and elegant black silk and rich black bonnet.

Mrs. Bierhaus, like "Bella L.," at last glories in a new black hat richly trimmed with plumes. She is also the happy possessor of a new pair of diamond earrings, a present from her husband.

Owing to the rain and dampness, of late, nearly all of us have suffered with colds of all sorts, and feel so indisposed.

Mrs. E. Wood, of Greenfield, was visiting Mrs. Houdyshell Sunday and Monday last. W. Wood is visiting in Colorado, and is taking in the wonderful sights of canons, peaks, mountain passes, etc., etc. Mr. Livingstone gave us a vivid and interesting description of frontier life, etc., while here.

Only five weeks more, then adieu and universal handshaking, and then—and then "homeward bound!" How glad, yet how sorry we are!

19-6-82. NEWCOMER.

#### Home Again.

NEW ORLEANS, May 18, '82. MY DEAR MR. HODGSON:—Behold I am back on our beloved land. I landed in this city yesterday from Vera Cruz, which place we left on the afternoon of the 9th inst.

We reached the Quarantine Station, seventy miles below New Orleans, and were afterwards quarantined there for three days, because we came from Vera Cruz, supposed to be infected with yellow fever. There were no cases there when we left.

I have traveled about 3,500 miles in five weeks, and I have noted about three hundred interesting incidents, which I will have printed before long.

Let me say a few words about my trip to Mexico.

My brief visit to that ancient country, reveals the pleasant fact that there is some provision made for the education of fellow deaf-mutes. Yet many have either failed to secure or denied an education. To my great surprise, I learned on my arrival in Mexico City, that there are two National deaf and dumb institutions in that region, and that they are supported by the government.

I trust that my visit will be the means of awakening an interest in the religious welfare of these unfortunate people.

I was very kindly received by the authorities, and many facilities were afforded me for advancing the cause of Christ.

During my sojourn in Mexico City, my guide showed me almost all the wonders of that city in about two weeks, which are, I venture to say, worth telling, and most of which are hidden from the minds of the deaf-mutes in this country. I will take pains to describe them clearly.

The Minister of State presented this writer to President Gonzalez, who received him with due respect. The President assured him of the esteem in which he held his mission work, and of the thanks which he owed for his good sentiments. I am about resuming my work for mutes.

JOB TURNER.

## COLUMBUS

### SUDDEN DEATH OF MISS DARE

### The Arrival of Supt. Perry in California.

### Rev. Mr. Mann, His Saturday Night & Sunday Lectures.

About half past nine o'clock on Saturday evening, the institute people were startled by the intelligence that Miss Harriet W. Dare, one of our lady teachers, was dead. It could seem as if every one held their breath, with pale faces expressive of incredibility, followed by anxious doubt and then with deep sorrow. Saturday morning and forenoon found Miss D. at her post in the school-room. There was nothing to indicate that she was not well as usual. After dinner, as she left the front steps of the Institution, she looked the very picture of health, and to a casual observer, in high anticipations of a pleasant afternoon. She went with a party of friends to a delightful resort, a few miles out from the city, and there while driving through the woods, she stopped and alighted from the carriage to pick some wild flowers, and while in this very act she was stricken down by what was supposed to have been apoplexy. Medical aid was at once summoned, and every possible attention rendered, but without avail. She lingered in this unconscious state for half an hour, when she passed away peacefully. Her body was brought to the institute in the small hours of Sunday morning. A telegram sent to her parents brought a brother here on the midnight train, who took her remains home to Zanesville, O., at noon Sunday. Miss Dare was appointed teacher of this institute in 1876, and in September following, she entered upon her duties, and for six years discharged the responsibilities of her position in a very acceptable manner. Miss D. was a lady of high culture, refined manners, and withal prepossessing appearance. Her real life-like picture adorns one of Columbus' best photograph galleries. Hers was one of those few that received the first premium awarded to the artist at the last State Fair for exquisite beauty of correct art from real life.

Superintendent Perry, who left here two months ago on a month of vacation, according to the latest accounts, is at Santa Barbara, Cal., enjoying the luxuries of a Californian climate and paradise. He went by the Texas Pacific Route, and expects to return over the Union Pacific Railroad in about two weeks.

Rev. Mr. Mann entertained the societies here Saturday night on "the life and writings of Charles Dickens," in his inimitable style. There was a fair sprinkling of the teachers and officers present. On Sunday forenoon he conducted a service in the chapel, and his lecture was spoken of as practical as well as highly interesting. In the afternoon a sermon was given in the Episcopal Church in the city, in the presence of a good-sized audience of both speaking and mute attendants. During his ministerial sojourn here, he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Patterson. Monday morning saw Mr. Mann off for Mount Vernon, O., whither he went to fill a previous engagement.

Miss Mamie Rice, a thirteen year-old pupil of the Fourth Grammar Class, who was taken home from school, on account of ill health, by her father last January, has since died. Her funeral was reported largely attended by relatives and friends, among whom were such notable as Ex-President Hayes and wife, and Gov. Foster, of this State, in Fremont, O. Mrs. Rose, our matron, was telegraphed to come, but was unable to leave her duties here until after the funeral was over. The body was kept in a vault, and when Mrs. Rose went there, she was shown to the vault and viewed the remains. Mamie looked about natural.

Mr. Wilkinson, Principal of the California Deaf and Dumb Institution, was here last week for two days, looking into the mysteries of manual training in our shops, and then left for the east.

More than a week ago, Mr. R. D. Livingstone put in his appearance here for a day or two, and then disappeared, it was understood, for Denver, Col.

Since the above was written, an interesting baptismal service was held in the chapel at 8 o'clock in the evening. There were present quite a large number of pupils and teachers. The candidate was Alfred Sayre, a man of sixty years, whose love for the Lord has ever been as simple as that of a child. It was by his own free will that he made a request of Rev. Mr. Mann to administer baptism to him. Mr. Mann was at tea and spending the evening at the house of one of the teachers (Mrs. Atwood's), when he was surprised with a call to come and perform this duty, which he did with a promptness that always distinguishes him in his work of ministry.

Rev. Mr. Talbot, teacher of the First Academic Class, who is now Acting-Superintendent in the absence of Mr. Perry, has assigned Miss Shrom, of the youngest class in the Primary Department, to take deceased Miss Dare's place in the Fifth Grammar Class for the remainder of the School term, while one of our most advanced pupils teaches Miss Shrom's. This is undoubtedly the best arrangement that could be conveniently made.

#### TEMPORARY.

#### The Boston Fair.

DEAF-MUTE JOURNAL.—I would like to inform all who intend to contribute something to the Fair, that (1) they can in the first place, give their articles to the Fair, for the benefit of the Charity Fund, or (2) if they do not feel able to afford to give all to the Fair, they can give half of the sales to the Fund, and keep the other half to themselves, and (3) lastly, if they are not willing either to give or sell their articles, they can have them back after the Fair is over. It is hoped, however, that for the benefit of the Fund, the mutes will act liberally in the matter.

In reply to a "New England subscriber," in your issue of last week, I will state that the writer can easily enough find out the name of the Committee on the Charity Fund, by making inquiries in Boston or addressing me in person.

The members of the Committee are all men of the highest respectability in Boston, and their names are such as will command the confidence of the Deaf-Mutes of New England.

The Charity Fund will be applied to the relief of any case of necessity in New England, provided that the fund is large enough and the mutes of New England contribute generously to the Fair. I am happy to say that I have received many promises of contributions of workmanship from all parts of New England, and have therefore no doubt that the Fair will do credit to our class.

Yours Respectfully

GEORGE A. HOLMES,  
Registry of Deeds Office,  
Boston.

### The National Deaf-Mute Convention of 1883. What a Representative of the "Sunny South" Has to Say.

EDITOR JOURNAL: In looking over a back number of the JOURNAL, my attention was called to an article of Mr. Russell Smith, in regard to the National Deaf-Mute Convention, of 1883.

Mr. Smith says "the committee (National executive) talked somewhat of holding a conference in Chicago next summer, to discuss whether the coming convention would take place in New York or not. As yet, they have not decided to hold said conference." I, and others that I know of, as members of the executive committee, have received no notification, or ever before heard of such a conference, and I am quite sure nothing was said about such a conference while the Committee was in session at Cincinnati.

Owing to the failure of the National Fair project, and other causes, I think it time the committee was taking some action in the matter, and I approve of a conference being held this summer, in either Chicago, or St. Louis, or New York, and I would like to hear from other members of the committee, and especially the venerable Chairman. If a change of place for holding of the Convention is to be made, it might be done without an assembled conference, but as there is other, hardly less, important business to transact, it would be better for the Committee to convene this summer. I thought the committee too hasty in deciding upon the place for the next convention, so I spoke and voted against it; for I wished to consult others from my section of the country, and not vote for a place that suited alone my pleasure.

Using Mr. Smith as authority, "the deaf-mutes of the West begin objecting to the coming Convention in New York," because reduced rates on the railroads cannot be had. This is certainly the most important matter, but if there is no great event in any other part of the country, where reduced rates can be had, they have no right to grumble, for those attending the Cincinnati Convention, from the Eastern and Southern States, if my memory serves me, got no reduced rates. The fare from the Western States to New York is about half of that what it is from the Southern States, but I am yet to hear of any objections on the part of the Southern deaf-mutes to the coming convention being held in New York. Of course objections will be made, and that justly, if there is no rotation—we will expect the next convention to be held in a more accessible place than either Cincinnati or New York.

The Committee should form a constitution and By-laws long before the assembling of the convention for the following reasons: All those that propose attending the convention wish to know beforehand whether justice will be meted out or not. The number in attendance will be much larger than the previous convention, and it will be a difficult matter to wield such a large mass; it is a noticeable fact that that deaf-mutes are seldom harmonious in their conventions. Delegates chosen by the respective States may be preferable to a mass convention, for individuals in some States might not be able to defray their own expenses, and the others, rather than not have a representation, would make up a purse. It is true they

could do that any way, but it would not, in half the instances, work, unless it was a rule of the Convention.

Some better way for the election of officers should be made. "Machineery" is used in most all conventions, and the present mode of electing officers in our conventions presents an inviting field for the practice of this wily art; and, rather than have any one even accused of such, it would be better to remedy what could, and is doubtless, to become an evil. Most any section of the country where the convention is held, could muster enough votes to control the convention, and should they elect the officers, with a partial President, the nationality of the convention would be a farce, and that would be the last of the *National Convention*. Honor to Ohio for not practicing this at the last convention. Some of her most favored sons were in favor of allowing each State one vote. This is really too liberal on the part of a large State. It would be more like justice to allow each State as many votes as congressmen.

This could be attended to just before the assembling of the convention, but in my humble opinion, it would be better to do so this summer. It will give an opportunity for the expression of *popular opinion*, and if a mistake should be made, there would be plenty of time to remedy it.

Very respectfully,  
C. W. CARRAWAY,  
DRY GROVE, MISS., May 24, '82.

#### Milwaukee Items.

The mutes of this city talk of having a grand picnic the coming summer. Phil. S. Englehardt will manage it. Hope it will be a successful affair.

Mr. Englehardt, a skilful mute carpenter, took a flying trip to Racine, Wis., a couple of weeks ago. His wife accompanied him. We believe the object of their going was to observe the ravages made by the recent destructive fire.

Frank Huston, formerly of Janesville, Wis., has obtained work here at the cooper business. He says he likes to live in this city much better than Janesville.

Wm. Neumeyer, a graduate of the Delavan School, and a practical tinsmith by trade, recently purchased a \$25 watch with a gold chain, and feels very proud of it. He often says he is lonesome without a wife, and as he has plenty of "shekels" and a good trade, he is a good catch for any mute girl.

About one hundred mutes in Milwaukee and vicinity. The writer is acquainted with only twenty of this number. The male portion far exceeds the female.

"Scotch Bill" Hutton went to Cleveland one month ago to visit his motherless children and friends. He was formerly employed in Davidson & Co.'s marble works on Grand Avenue, and was considered a skilful workman. He recently wrote his friend, Mr. Neumeyer, that he would not return here, as he receiving \$2.50 per day. His decision is regretted by his many friends here, for he was a witty, jolly fellow, and always made friends.

Herr Oscar Angelroth, a graduate of the Delavan School sports an elegant moustache. He came here from St. Petersburg, Russia, when he was a little boy, and can speak both German and English fluently. He is a No. 1 shoemaker, and is employed in the establishment of Odgen, Aiken & Co., on Water Street.

Messrs. W. Houp, L. Dorn and Tyson, mute cigarmakers, have been on a strike for the past six months. They are members of the cigarmaker Union, and as they are striking by orders of that organization, they receive \$4.50 per week. About 400 workmen are idle.

Frank Klingman, who recently came from New York City, is still employed in Inbusch & Bro's cigar factory, and is earning from \$2.50 to \$3.25 per day.

REPORTER.

#### The Twilight Union Picnic.

COME ONE, COME ALL.

At the last meeting of the Twilight Union it was resolved to hold a picnic at Fort Lee Park on the afternoon and evening of Wednesday, June 14th.

A committee, consisting of Messrs. Waters (chairman), Greis and Stengele, was appointed to make all necessary arrangements, and it is hoped that all mutes who desire to have a good time will attend and thus encourage the young Brooklyn organization in its endeavor to promote harmony and a general good feeling among our class.

Fort Lee is a historical spot, it having



# FANWOOD.

## Saturday among the Boys.

## A NEW PRESS.

## Siftings of the Past Week.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

Saturday is invariably hailed with delight by the youth of Fanwood. The night-watch finds it an extremely easy task to induce him to leave his bed on that day. On other mornings, the customary shake necessary to awaken him is received with unconcealed disgust, and the only head taken is to turn over for another nap. It is only after repeated shakes that he leaves his bed, and oftentimes it is necessary to flop him completely out on the floor. Saturday mornings, however, at the first touch he is on his feet and sliding into his clothes, with an utter disregard whether or not his right shoe goes on his left foot, and vice versa. Be it a rainy morning, what a malediction he will grunt at the clerk of the weather, for was not Saturday designated especially for boys, and a rainy one not included in the bill? After prayers, bathing is in order. The lavatory is about fifteen feet long, ten wide and three deep. It is generally filled with warm water to the depth of two feet, and accommodates comfortably twenty boys at a time. Before entering the room, the pupils are formed in line outside, and the scramble they make for positions in the coveted "20" beggars description. The lucky individuals unmercifully jeer and taunt those who have been unable to secure a place in the first "batch." Ten seconds after their entrance, every one is disrobed and plunging headlong into the inviting water. About half an hour is allotted them to bathe, and then they are obliged to retire and give place to the second "20," and so on. Change of linen is now in order, and then they are ready for the day's enjoyment.

Some of the older pupils obtain permits and in crowds flock to the city, where they visit places of amusement, etc., that boys always delight in. Others visit a base ball game, if the reputation of the club has been established. A few shrewd ones infest the large confectionery establishments and purchase various kinds of candy which they dispose of during the week—generally "on tick." Friday evenings, the representatives of this class, with a long sheet of paper covered with names—debts—may be seen going anxiously here and there on their weekly "dunning expedition." They receive a little money—very many "promises." Still, the boys are honest, and it is a paying business. Stephen Sinclair, now of Goshen, N. Y., was the "prince of candy vendors" while a pupil. One Saturday, if our memory is not at fault, he loomed up with \$25 worth of debts on his "red flag." It was all paid in less than two months. To-day, however, the pupils are forbidden to run into debt to any considerable extent. If the "merchant" allows them to do so, his stock in trade is confiscated as contraband, and he finds himself out of pocket. "Self-preservation is the first law of nature," and they take good care to observe it.

At about half-past four in the afternoon, a tired and dusty, but happy, pupil looms up in the distance, and at intervals other stragglers come in. They all congregate in front of the building and relate the day's experience. Some fellow has just concluded his "yarn," when a movement is made in the crowd. All eyes are turned toward a youth who is seen approaching with a light and jaunty air, and a fine hat adorning his shapely head. What a "grin" goes round. No matter how faultless that article of head gear may be, each boy considers it his individual duty to criticize it. "Say, old fellow, you look like a frog under a cabbage leaf," sneered a short-legged youngster. "I saw that old cren on the garden-er's scare-crow three or four days ago," strikes up another boy. "The exchange is bad for the hat," grins a semi-mute. "I consign thee to the dust," calmly observes a grave-looking youth, and snits the action to the word by knocking the hat from its owner's head. If the unfortunate tile passes successfully through the trying ordeal, and the owner maintains his wonted tranquility of demeanor, both are pronounced "O. K.," and forever after let alone.

Half-past five, now for supper. No lagging behind. Avalanches of bread disappear, oceans of tea and milk vanish, leaving no trace behind. There is no whining about the quality of the food. Hunger is the sauce.

A lecture, debate or social reunion occupies the evening until nine, when all retire to their dormitories. Oftentimes the process of disrobing is extremely hazardous. Stray shoes have a tendency to go on an exploring expedition around the room, and generally carom on some one's nose. Up jumps the indignant owner of the injured member and his shoe is sent

flying into a crowd at the farther end of the room. Some one is hit. Some one is wrathful. Some one lets fly his brogans, and in a very short time there is enough animated shoe-leather in the room to stock a good sized shoe-store. Pillows follow suit, and mattresses are blended in between. But stop. Here comes the watchman. Out go the lights. Order is immediately restored. The boys instantly seek their beds. Half an hour later, all is still. Then up pops a head. Out of bed leaps a form. Then another and another airily attired youngster rise and the shoes are gathered, sorted, claimed, and again all is still. A stray pillow is thrown. An unclaimed shoe is sent spinning against the wall, and every thing is quiet. Saturday, with its joys and disappointments, is over.

The boys connected with the printing department are jubilant. The large steam Cottrell & Babcock printing press is to give place to a spick and span new "Hoe" cylinder press, with all the modern improvements. The old press has been the one great drawback to the further advancement of the office, and now that her services will be dispensed with, a great improvement in the work turned out will be apparent.

Farewell, old press,  
You ne'er again  
Will file the foreman's temper;  
Your work is done,  
Your race is run,  
And a "Hoe" is your successor.

You've bothered us  
And played us false,  
On many a sad occasion;  
You've wheezed and sneezed,  
And sneezed and wheezed,  
And clattered like all creation.

At an early hour  
We've oiled you up  
With a song upon our lips.  
At a late hour  
We've left you  
With rage on our finger tips.

And yet, old press,  
You've aided us  
On many a busy day.  
But still, old press,  
We must confess  
You've done it in "your way."

Adieu, old press,  
We're done with you,  
Whack, fol-de-rol-dol, didi-um-do—

The eighth lecture of the season given by the Century Club, was held in the Washington Heights Methodist Episcopal Church, Thursday evening last. It was delivered by Rev. George H. Payson, and attended by the male members of the High, First and Articulation Classes. The subject was "Words; their beauty, power and meaning." Dr. Peet, as usual, interpreted. A few officers were in attendance.

Willie Porter, son of the Superintendent, has for some time been a student at the Fort Washington Military Academy. By strict attention to duty, he has "risen from the ranks," and at present holds the enviable position of captain of a company. George Peet, youngest son of the Principal, also attends the same College.

In less than a month, examination will be in full blast. Already some of the boys are turning white about the gills, while the beauty of their surroundings will be a "barren, barren waste," to some of the fair sex until the dreaded ordeal is a thing of the past.

### LAUNCH OF THE EVANGELINE.

"She starts, she moves, she seems to feel  
The thrill of life along her keel."  
The High Class girls at window high  
Watch every move with eager eye.  
The jolly tars, with muscles bared,  
Stand ready for the leader's word.  
One mighty shove, and she's afloat,  
And every rowing oar the old coal boat  
That for the past two months or so  
Has been an eyesore to the crew.  
The captain springs into the stern,  
And waves aloft his hat and arm;  
The fingers of the joyous rank  
Wag like two-forty on a plank.  
One reckless youth in happy mood,  
Falls kicking in the briny flood.  
The old coal boatman with his pipe,  
Doth marvel much at such a sight.

The sun sinks slowly in the west,  
The boys seek yonder hilltop's crest.  
We seek the ending of this rhyme,  
Of the launching of the Evangeline.

Miss Effie Hitchcock celebrated her birthday Thursday last. A peddler of indelible ink linen marker stencils reaped a small harvest among the boys Friday last.

Superintendent Cadbury, of the Pennsylvania Institution, visited us Friday last, and spent a couple of hours examining things pertaining to the Administrative Department. He saw the pupils while at dinner, and also observed plenty of "butter."

Prof. Jewell has presented three of the boys each with a fine puppy. A kennel has been provided for them near the barn, and they receive a good deal of attention during leisure hours.

Messrs. Palmer and Pach, '83, startled the denizens of Red Bank, N. J., by a short call Saturday last. Fred Tillman fell off the Institution dock Friday last, and got a ducking.

Bernard Gallagher, one of the "devils" in the printing office, gleefully kicked into his fifteenth year Monday last.

Harry M. Powell writes a friend here that he expects to visit the School on Decoration Day—May 30th. The wife of Prof. Currier was taken sick over a week ago, and all of last week she hovered between life and death. Thanks to an unusually strong constitution, the crisis is past, and she is on the road to recovery.

Two officers connected with the Board of health visited the School last Saturday. Dr. Porter showed them the many sanitary advantages possessed by the Institution.

The new fire escape on the boys' side of the school building is completed. It consists of a double round iron ladder with platforms at each story to which easy access is given. These platforms are secured to the buildings by strong iron rods which

are driven through the brick walls and fastened on the inside with a bolt, thus making them perfectly safe. A similar one is at present being erected on the girls' side of the building.

A debate on the question, "Which is the most essential, the physician or the farmer?" took place Saturday evening last. A peculiar feature of this debate was the style in which it was announced. From time immemorial, debaters have had their names made known, but this time the style of pugilistic mystery and go-as-you-please advertisement was adopted in dubbing one of the debaters the "Great Unknown." We do not see how this sort of thing will benefit the morals of the pupils or Fanwood's Literary Association. This is undoubtedly the result of having a pupil president. Now, if the Secretary had signed himself the "Great Unknown," the thing would have been complete.

We are informed that the Twilight Union, of Brooklyn, will hold a picnic at Fort Lee, opposite the Institution, June 14th. This will be a good opportunity for the H. C. boys to go over and get a "blow out."

Monday last, Prof. Clarke attended the trial and acted as interpreter for James Burns, the deaf-mute who was detected while stealing money some two or three months ago. James was found guilty, and sentenced to one year's imprisonment. His mother was overcome with grief.

Dr. Peet, Prof. Gamage, and Matron Lewis, attended the funeral of the late Mrs. Budd, at St. Ann's Church, Monday last.

Some of the boys took advantage of the warm weather Monday last to take a swim in the river. Of course it was against the rules, but that did not prevent them. They report the water as delightfully warm.

The subscribers to the Garfield Memorial Fund, for the past week, are—Ida M. Atwell, G. T. Weller, Margaret Tiedeman, Mary Brannfahr, Bertha Kenhn, Herbert H. Henriques, Teddy Keegan, Amelia Antusch, Carrie E. Sprague, Archibald McL. Baxter, Benjamin Isaacs, Fred T. Storm, Josephine B. Ackerman, Peter Buttery, Jr., Minna R. Blaurock, Henry Spring, W. A. Ryckman, Wm. Isaac Harris, Alex. Michaelis, Elizabeth Schroeder, Max Miller, William Coombs. The subscription credited to Alex. Pach last week, was secured by him from W. T. Corlies, H. M. Nevins, A. N. Morgan, Morris Pach, J. A. Throckmorton, J. W. Child, F. T. Chadwick, Marion R. Borden, J. B. Dryden, all of Red Bank, N. J.

Mr. Cooper, a leather merchant of New York City, and Mr. Snow, of Albany, N. Y., visited the school Tuesday last. The latter gentleman is Superintendent of the Sunday School wherein the sister of Willie G. Shanks is a teacher.

GRACE H.

### A NEW DEPARTURE.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—Please permit me to insert a few items for your very interesting paper. My brother, Samuel Koffman just built a large and ornamental poultry building, 16x50 feet, which can hold 400 fowls. He intends to breed two kinds of the best full blooded fowls, known as "Plymouth Rock" and "Light Brahams." Since last April to this month, he received 150 chickens from 14 hens, an average of 13 eggs from each hen. He would be happy and willing to sell his eggs for hatching purposes. Any one wishing to buy, will find those eggs cheap enough. The "Plymouth Rock" eggs are sold at the low rate of \$1.50 a set, and the "Light Brahams" at \$2 a set. One of the oldest farmers in the neighborhood said he thought Samuel's poultry building the finest in Orange or Ulster Counties, Y. Y., that he ever saw. But I am afraid that Mr. Haight is ahead of Samuel. Hope Samuel will be successful in the future, as he has begun to start on a small scale. If Mr. Haight or Mr. Newell should notice this, they should not be disposed to laugh at Samuel's undertakings. We would be very much pleased to have them call at the "Koffman Farm," and to instruct the young beginner how to improve the raising of the fowls, either by hatching or incubating.

Yours truly,

ABBEY KOFFMAN.

SUNNY SIDE POULTRY YARD, WADEN, ORANGE CO., N. Y.

P. S.—The yard will be known as the Sunny Side Poultry yard.

### Delaware News.

Miss Nellie Heywood, of Lewes, has gone to Wilmington, where she accepted a situation last Saturday.

The Rehoboth Union who organized last week is now disbanded, because some of the members went away.

Alex. Dezendorf, of Brooklyn, who has been in Lewes for several months, expects to return home to arrange about his business next week. He will not return to Lewes again.

Last Friday, Patrick Sullivan attempted to swim in Delaware Bay, but was caught with cramp. A fisherman rescued him from drowning.

Mollie Rockwell, of Hoboken, N. J., is now confined at her uncle's house in Rehoboth with fever. She expects to go home next week if her health improves.

One of the Twilight members, who is in Delaware, wants to know the address of the secretary of the Union, as he wants to correspond with him on business.

LIGHTNING REPORTER.

LEWES, DEL., May 21, 1882.

# THE BOSTON SOCIETY.

## A Faithful Officer Rewarded.

## Origin and History of the Society.

The 26th of April was a day long to be remembered by the mutes of Boston, for on that day they witnessed the rewarding of a faithful and zealous member of the committee. A long time has elapsed since then without any mention of it in the JOURNAL, and at the request of outsiders who were not present but had got an inkling of the affair, the following account is given. It was the occasion of an unusually interesting lecture upon "The Prince and the Pauper," of Mark Twain, a book written in the author's best vein and one worth reading by old and young. The adventures of the two children of Royal Aristocracy and Pauperdom, whose fates were intertwined up by the accident as it were of an author's brain, furnished a good deal of amusement to the large audience, who paid the closest attention throughout the lecture. At the close, the lecturer, who was none other than Harry White, called Mr. Geo. A. Holmes to the platform, and in the presence of the mutes of Boston and vicinity, presented him with an elegant

SEAL RING

with the initial letter "H" engraved in the English style. Mr. White made the presentation speech, in course of which he referred to the long and arduous services of Mr. Holmes in behalf of the Society, the patience and perseverance with which he had held the reins of government, the skill and wisdom with which he had brought the Society to its present good standing, and closed with these words: "For these various services, and more than all, as a token of the high regard and esteem in which we all hold you, we present you with this golden link in the chain of our friendship. May it bind our hearts together." Mr. Holmes was visibly affected, and upon replying to the gift, said that although the secret had been betrayed by an obscure sheet which ought to have had more sense, the surprise was still a surprise to him, for he was surprised not only at the act but also at the kind, friendly spirit, which had prompted it. He was surprised upon reading the list of those who had contributed towards the present, just handed to him by Mr. White, to find the names of almost all prominent mutes and others, who had been opposed to him in his views and policy. He was very glad to find his efforts appreciated by friends as well as foes. Certainly it was a great surprise to him. He had taken hold of the society's reins after they had been dropped by Mr. Bowes and others. He paid a deserved tribute to the help afforded him by J. T. Tillinghast and Wm. Lynde. He has the whole charge of the collections and the direct supervision of the agents, before the moneys are handed over to Mr. Sturgis for safe keeping. His office is besieged daily by deaf-mutes almost to the loss of his money, for he works by the piece, so much so indeed as to be the subject of remark on the part of his employer and his fellow clerks. But does he complain of it? No; he and his time are always at the service of the members of the society, and this ring amply compensated him for whatever trouble and loss he has sustained. He would accept it as a pledge of their regard and good will. He closed with thanking one and all for that token of their regard. During his reply, he was frequently applauded, but he was greeted by a perfect storm of applause at the end.

A few remarks as to the origin of the present society may be interesting to state in this place. The old Library Association was in a flourishing condition, with plenty of funds in its treasury, a good-sized library, and various conveniences, but the money was all squandered in wasteful extravagance, and as a consequence, the society was head over heels in debt. It was closed to pay debts, and the association broken up. Mr. Holmes just then took hold of the matter and consulted with J. T. Tillinghast. The sage of New Bedford, who is timid and cautious by nature, shook his head, threw cold water upon the project and said he did not think another society could succeed upon the ruins of the last one, but Mr. Holmes, who is just the opposite of Mr. Tillinghast, being bold, confident and energetic, urged that with prudence and good management in the hands of a responsible, well-known Board of Trustees, a new society could be organized. He prevailed upon Mr. Tillinghast to come and see Hon. James Sturgis, the present Treasurer of the Society, about the matter. Mr. Sturgis did not exhibit much willingness to act as one of a Board of Trustees for the new Society, but being prevailed upon by the representations of Mr. Holmes, who was the more sanguine of the two, he finally consented to a trial of six months, during which peri-

od Mr. Holmes was to collect money and report the amounts to him. Nothing discouraged, Mr. Holmes, with his usual buoyancy of spirit, set to work at once and appointed an agent to collect subscriptions. The result justified Mr. Holmes' expectations. Mr. Sturgis' name and reputation were a tower of strength to the new society. At the end of the six months, Mr. Sturgis and four other well-known men in Boston consented to act as a Board of Trustees. A short time afterwards, a room was hired in the old Boylston Hall, meetings were opened, and the society was placed in successful operation once more.

The Trustees immediately appointed Mr. Holmes to the position of Paymaster of the Society, which he still retains together with direct control of its affairs. Feeling the need of an associate, he asked the permission of Mr. Sturgis to take Mr. Tillinghast into the government of the society, which permission was granted to him. Afterwards, the two, feeling the need of a third party in cases of tie votes, appointed Wm. Lynde as another member of the Committee. Then the question of a chairman came up. By reason of his services in the successful organization of the Society, Mr. Holmes was entitled to the place, but he generously declined it in favor of Mr. Tillinghast, who, it must be confessed, has sometimes taken advantage of his position to appropriate to himself the credit which justly belongs to Mr. Holmes. Mr. Tillinghast may be the head of the Society nominally by virtue of his office, but Mr. Holmes is the head in fact, for it is he that manages the pecuniary affairs of the business and bears the brunt of the battle in the various grumblings and disputes on the part of the members. If anything goes wrong in the society, who is so much blamed for it as Mr. Holmes? And who takes more part in the affairs of the Society than Mr. Holmes? If there is any one who works as faithfully for the Society and takes an active part in its affairs as Mr. Holmes, it is Mr. Lynde. As for the honorable Mr. Tillinghast, he sits in his office, many miles away, safe from the cannon shots and bayonet cuts, coming to Boston only once a month to preside at a meeting of the Committee. As it is, only the smoke of the battle reaches him, making his eyes blink so much. Honor to whom honor is due. Every one who is at all acquainted with the affairs of the Society, whether friend or foe, knows that Mr. Holmes is the hardest worker in the Committee, and it is about just that he should have credit for what he has actually done and is doing. This has been written in a spirit of justice only.

After two or three years, the members became dissatisfied with their quarters, and the Committee endeavored to obtain a better location, but without success. Then they offered a reward of five dollars to any one who should succeed in obtaining a better hall upon reasonable terms. Several members tried to win the prize, but in vain. Things remained in statu quo for some time, until Mr. White came home from College, and at the request of the members, he undertook the quest, and on the same day secured the present elegant and commodious hall of the society. This is the history of the society from the beginning, and in thus rewarding Mr. Holmes, it cannot be denied that the members did themselves credit in recognizing the services of a faithful, efficient officer, to whom more than to any one else, it owes its present existence.

JUSTITIA.

### Reading, Pa., Rail Splinters.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—W. H. Eakins returned home safe last Christmas from Sycamore, Illinois, after seven months' absence in St. Louis, and Sycamore, Ill., and is happy now with his dear family again.

He and Mr. Hugh E. Gross have rented a room at 830 Penn Street, Reading, Pa., as a tailor shop, and are as busy as bees working for several clothing firms.

The many mute friends of Mr. Edgar H. Richards in Boston, New Orleans, New York City, Philadelphia, etc., will be glad to learn through the JOURNAL that he has secured a permanent situation as a machinist in the Philadelphia & Reading Locomotive Works in Reading, Pa. He is one of Reading's most skillful machinists on locomotives, and gets good wages. Any one who desires to write to him can do so by addressing to No. 1130 Chestnut street, Reading, Pa. For several years he has been absent on a steamship under the widely known Capt. S. S. Colburn, to Asia, Australia, Cuba, Mexico, etc. He met with an accident which resulted in breaking two or three of his ribs. To escape from a watery grave, or a shark's jaws, he determined to return home and again hunt a place at his old trade. The above terror turned his hair and beard snowy white. He is a happy man now at home with his family again. And we hope that he will remain here till his bones rattle no more.

Miss Annis and Miss Smith, of Philadelphia, paid Reading a flying visit, stopping with Miss Hattie Whitman (one of Reading's actresses). They were introduced to H. E. Gross and W. H. Eakins by Miss Whitman. They are fine ladies. We hope that they will re-visit Reading ere long.

Mr. E. H. Richards and Mr. H. E. Gross expect to go into housekeeping soon.

The Reading mutes contemplate picnicing the coming summer.

Marion Marburger, a mute, was run over and killed on the Northern Pennsylvania Railroad last week, and in his pocket was found over \$700.

It was reported a short time ago by the Reading newspapers that Mr. Clement Parham, of Lame City, Pa., met with a railroad accident and had his leg smashed into a jelly, but a few days afterwards he came to Reading hale and hearty. All of the above reports were untrue.

Mr. Sterling, an aged bachelor of Columbia, came to see Mr. Gross and W. H. Eakins.

Mr. Jeremiah Moyer paid W. H. Eakins and family a visit a few weeks ago at Shoemakersville, and expects to escape bachelor life.

Last April, the 7th, Mr. Christian Snyder and Miss Rosa Houck (both mutes of Reading) were married. They are a happy pair of doves. Mr. C. Snyder is a first-class moulder at the Reading Hardware Works.

Mr. Botzum and Miss Agnes Snyder are also happy together since they had the matrimonial knot tied. Mr. B. is a first class car carpenter.

Rumor has it that Mr. Snow and Mrs. Wentzel are on the matrimonial road.

Another rumor that the Shoemakersville French boy, Johnny W. Schappelle, contemplates marrying one of Reading's beautiful belles (Miss H. W.).

One of the recently graduated pupils of the Pennsylvania Deaf and Dumb Institution, determined to make his daily trip short to his business place by jumping on and off a coal train which was running at a slow rate of speed. Upon nearing his place he tried to jump off, but fell flat upon the ground, spilling all the contents of his mid-day meal, and was obliged to return home, a distance of three miles, for his dinner. Now, where is Prof. Pettengill, the railroad adviser? Why did not Johnny heed his advice.

Johnny Schappelle works at cigar-making at Centreport, Pa., and is getting big pay per month, but smokes too much. He smokes from six to ten cigars a day.

W. H. Eakins would like to know through the JOURNAL if Mr. H. A. Beaman and Mr. Wm. Gibney are still on the go in Chicago, Ill. W. H. Eakins is always glad to hear of his St. Louis mute friends, and is especially interested in their new enterprise in establishing an association, and wishes them success.

I will try and pick up more news for your paper, and mail to you as soon as possible. I must close now.

Respectfully yours,

MACKINAW.

### From Philadelphia.

#### DEAR JOURNAL:—

Spring has showered the fields with daisies,  
Each day more and more;  
In each hedge—now she has hastened,  
Cowslips sweet to set;  
Primroses in rich profusion,  
With bright dew-drops wet,  
Underneath each leaf, in shadow  
Hides a violet.

We were "ever so glad" to hear from our young friend, "Little Rep," and hope he will continue to visit us through the JOURNAL columns often and soon. By the way, we wonder if he has hung out his shingle as an M.D.; since he makes such professional inquiries for "Violet." She is quite well, thank you, doctor, and in gay spirits over the thought of home, sweet home. Some one recently caught her humming, in a very musical (?) tone, the following air:—

We are waiting, we are waiting  
For the dawning of the day;  
When the big expressman's wagon,  
With our trunks shall roll away.

The long-looked-for, long-dreaded exhibition is a thing of the past. The pupils all did very nicely, but the most novel and prettiest item on the programme was the signing of a Christmas Carol, by five lovely girls from Mrs. Snider's class.

The Milwaukee deaf-mute who sold his wife to a neighbor for \$1 has our sympathy—so has the man who bought her!

A false alarm of fire was raised here last Friday, but no harm was done except scaring a few of the pupils.

Noms de plume are the latest rage among our fair sisters, as represented by the Institution. One is, for instance, an "Emerald," another a "Pearl," etc.

One of our girls had a lively interview with Oscar Wilde recently, and professed herself delighted with him. Some one has truly written "birds of the same feather flock together," and as she is herself rather fastidious, we are not much surprised at her admiration for the poet.

What has become of "Defender." Where is his tomb? How sad to think:—

Not a pen touched the sheet,  
Not a sad farewell note,  
Over the death of a hero  
Who long lived and wrote.

Where is "Liberty?"

"Bella L." is said to be enjoying her last days in her Alma Mater.

"Queen Bess" looks charming these days.

The JOURNAL is growing interesting of late!

Did you have your floral offerings photographed, Robert? We saw one, at least. It was lovely!

We are glad "Lester Montrose" dared mention "Bella L." and "Jersey Blue" in one breath.

BLUE VIOLET.

### GEO. W. SCHUTT'S APPOINTMENTS.

Cornwall, N. Y., May 21.

Po'kepsie, " 28.

Newburgh, " June 4.

Stowville, " 11.

## Man under the Bed—A Lively Encounter with a Burglar.

HOW THE DRAF AND DUMB ALPHABET WAS UTILIZED BY A WIFE IN TELLING HER HUSBAND THE WHEREABOUTS OF A HIDDEN BURGLAR.

Minneapolis Evening Journal, May 10.

A few days since a gentleman named Saunders, accompanied by his wife, arrived in Minneapolis, and last night had a spirited adventure, during which the deaf and dumb alphabet, which they learned years ago for amusement, proved to be a handy thing to have in the house. On the day preceding the night in question Mr. Saunders received, too late for bank, quite a sum of money from the East. This was seen by a couple of rough characters, and Mr. S. was shadowed during the remainder of the day. In the evening he, in company with the gentleman at whose house he was a guest, went down town and did not return till a late hour in the evening. About nine o'clock Mrs. Saunders retired, unconscious of any impending danger. She had nearly fallen asleep, when

A HALF-SMOTHERED SNEEZE from under the bed startled her, and she at once came to the conclusion that a burglar was in the house waiting an opportunity to get the money. She was too much frightened at first to give an alarm, and knowing that there were no men about the house to come to her assistance, her only alternative was to wait the arrival of her husband. When Mr. S. came in his wife raised her hands, and in the deaf and dumb alphabet told him first not to express any surprise, and then related her fears. Mr. S. took off his coat and vest, as though about to disrobe for the night, and then grasping a heavy walking cane, walked up to the bed, pulled it away from the wall, and commenced an assault on the midnight marauder.

A struggle ensued, but the burglar being the stronger would have got the best of the fight had not the owner of the house come to the assistance of his friend. Seeing odds against him, the villain broke away and disappeared through a window. A couple of shots were fired after the retreating figure, but apparently without taking effect.

# WATCHES

## AND JEWELRY

FINE GOLD WATCHES,  
Stem-winding, \$50 to \$75 and upwards.

Ladies' \$25 to \$60 and upwards

### SILVER HUNTING

## AMERICAN WATCHES

Stem-winding, \$12 to \$18.

Our reputation for good time-keeping Watches has been known for forty years, and our standard is better than ever.

# JEWELRY,

## Silver and Plated Ware

of all the newest designs, always in stock.  
We challenge comparison for quality of work in

## WATCH REPAIRING

all of which is done on the premises.

Old Gold and Silver taken in Exchange.

GEO. W. WELSH'S SONS,  
NO. 253 GREENWICH ST.